UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

GANDHI

Mohandas K. Gandhi

October 2, 1869—January 30, 1948

VOLUME CXXXIV NUMBER II

Chicago, May-June, 1948

PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

UNITY

Established 1878

Published Bimonthly Until Further Notice

Subscription $1.50 Single Copies 25 cents

Published by The Abraham Lincoln Centre. 700 Oakwood Blvd., Chicago 15, Ill.
"Entered as Second-Class Matter June 11, 1947, at the post office at Chicago, Illinois, under the Act of March 3, 1879."

CURTIS W. REESE, *Editor*

Contributors

E. Burdette Backus: Minister of All Souls Unitarian Church, Indianapolis, Indiana.

Pearl S. Buck: Author.

Karl M. Chworowsky: Minister of the Fourth Unitarian-Congregational Church in Brooklyn, New York.

W. E. B. Du Bois: Author and Educator.

Welthy Honsinger Fisher: Widow of Bishop Frederick B. Fisher and author of his biography, *World Citizen.*

Marius Hansome: Author and Lecturer.

John Haynes Holmes: Minister of The Community Church of New York.

Clifford Manshardt: Director of Bethlehem Community Center, Chicago.

Haridas T. Muzumdar: Professor of Sociology, New Mexico Highlands University, Las Vegas.

Harry S. Truman: President of the United States of America.

Stephen S. Wise: Rabbi of the Free Synagogue, New York City.

Contents

EDITORIAL—CURTIS W. REESE 23

ARTICLES—

Statement by the President of the United States—HARRY S. TRUMAN 24

A Great Good Spirit—PEARL S. BUCK 24

Gandhi—Spiritual Genius—JOHN HAYNES HOLMES 25

The Greatest Man in the World—W. E. B. DU BOIS 25

"The Sun Has Perished Out of the Heavens"—STEPHEN S. WISE 27

The Seal of Martyrdom—E. BURDETTE BACKUS 28

Gandhi Made the World Richer—CLIFFORD MANSHARDT 30

Gandhi As I Knew Him—WELTHY HONSINGER FISHER 31

The Incarnation of Soul Force—HARIDAS T. MUZUMDAR 32

Sidelights on Gandhi—MARIUS HANSOME 34

Gandhi Lives—KARL M. CHWOROWSKY 36

THE FIELD—

Bapu—JAWAHARLAL NEHRU 22

The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

Bapu

JAWAHARLAL NEHRU

In Gandhi's death there was a magnificence and complete artistry. It was from very point of view a fitting climax to the man and to the life he had lived. Indeed it heightened the lesson of his life. He died in the fullness of his powers and as he would no doubt have liked to die, at the moment of prayer. He died a martyr to the cause of unity to which he had always been devoted and for which he had worked unceasingly, more specially during the past year or so. He died suddenly as all men should wish to die. There was no fading away of the body or a long illness or the forgetfulness of the mind that comes with age. Why then should we grieve for him? Our memories of him will be of the Master, whose step was light to the end, whose smile was infectious, and whose eyes were full of laughter. We shall associate no failing powers with him of body or mind. He lived and he died at the top of his strength and powers, leaving a picture in our minds and in the mind of the age that we live in that can never fade away.

That picture will not fade. But he did something much more than that, for he entered into the very stuff of our minds and spirits and changed them and moulded them. The Gandhi generation will pass away, but that stuff will remain and will affect each succeeding generation, for it has become a part of India's spirit. Just when we were growing poor in spirit in this country, Bapu came to enrich us and make us strong, and the strength he gave us was not for a moment or a day or a year but it was something added to our national inheritance.

Bapu has done a giant's work for India and the world and even for our poor selves, and he has done it astonishingly well. And now it is our turn not to fail him or his memory but to carry on the work to the best of our ability and to fulfill the pledges we have so often taken.

—*Harijan*

UNITY

Volume CXXXIV MAY-JUNE, 1948 No. 2

EDITORIAL

It is difficult to take the measure of a great man. The factors that constitute his greatness are elusive. They inhere in the quality of the ideals held, in the integrity with which they are lived, and in the effectiveness with which they are proclaimed. The greatness of a man rests on the culture that has produced him and is relative to the wider applicability of the ideals that dominate him. And effectiveness in proclaiming ideals is conditioned by the background and cultural pattern of those who hear. Greatness, therefore, always has a history and never exists *in vacuo*. Gandhi was great as the supreme embodiment of ideals of love and justice, of purity and peace which had from ancient times constituted the heart of Hindu culture. He was great as the exemplar of supreme loyalty to the ideals that he espoused. He believed in the immediate practicability of ideals and he acted on his belief. Gandhi was great as a world influence pricking at the conscience of men everywhere, challenging them to take seriously the claims of goodness, and exhorting them to find rich wisdom in simple virtue. The times were ripe for Gandhi's greatness. His own culture cried aloud for a quickening power and the life of the world demanded an influence that could break the shackles of lethargy and custom and diplomacy. There was universal need for a quiet voice that could be heard despite the clamor of the market place and the din of battle. The world saw in Gandhi the good it had often glimpsed; it heard the words it had often thought; and it witnessed in a life qualities it had long desired. Be it said to the credit of a confused generation that it recognized and proclaimed Gandhi as a great man.

Curtis W. Reese.

Statement by the President of the United States

HARRY S. TRUMAN

This morning when I heard the tragic news of the assassination of Mahatma Gandhi, I sent a message to Earl Mountbatten, the Governor General of India, expressing my condolences to him and to the people of India. Gandhi was a great Indian nationalist but at the same time he was a leader of international stature. His teachings and his actions have left a deep impression on millions of people. He was and is revered by the people of India, and his influence was felt not only in affairs of government but also in the realm of the spirit. Unhappily, he did not live to witness the full realization of those ideals for which he struggled, but his life and his work will be through the years to come the greatest monument to him. His selfless struggle for the betterment of his people will, I am sure, endure as an example for India's leaders, many of whom are his disciples. I know that not only the people of India but also all peoples will be inspired by his sacrifice to work with increased vigor toward the brotherhood and peace which the Mahatma symbolized.

A Great Good Spirit

PEARL S. BUCK

Gandhi is dead. His ashes are scattered in the waters and over the earth of India. The indomitable frame, the fearless spirit, the long years, the high purposes, all were ended so easily. It was over in one instant. The shot of a gun and only silence is left, silence and a handful of ashes. It is no wonder that the ignorant, the stupid, the inventors of atom bombs, the generals, the captains, the sergeants, the little soldiers, are the lovers of violence. All that they fear, all that they hate, all who rebel against them, can be so easily ended. The movement of a finger upon a trigger, upon a button, a flash, a blast, and all that remain are silence and ashes. Today a million can be killed as easily as a thousand, a thousand as easily as one.

Gandhi was only one. His voice was single, always gentle, always reasoning. It was the voice of conscience in our turbulent life. He was right, he knew he was right, we all knew he was right. The man who killed him knew he was right. However long the follies of the violent continue, they but prove that Gandhi was right. Nonviolence is the only common sense for human beings. We die so easily. Our bodies are soft and unprotected. The brain, the heart, the soul, are perilously lodged. We cannot wait for peace to be made, for arguments to be settled, for the quarrelsomeness of selfish men to subside. Before that settlement comes, life is over. At all costs, Gandhi said, we must refuse to use violence. Resist to the very end, he said, but without violence.

To a world confusing violence with power, these words seem too simple to be true. Yet truth is always simple. Men wind confusions and entanglements because they are afraid of simple truth. But truth is not changed. It is still simple. It is more fundamental than the atom itself.

The world longs for goodness. The people search for righteousness. There is no weapon, no bomb so powerful, as the force of a great good spirit. India will live and become great in our world, only as her people use this priceless force, the force of nonviolence, which the life of Gandhi exemplified for them. In that personal example was Gandhi's secret. He did what he told others to do. When people saw that this was true, they believed in him. The measure of a man's greatness is the extent to which he justifies by his own life the faith of the people in him. Gandhi has done his part. It now remains for the people of India to take upon themselves his world leadership for nonviolence.

Indeed, it is the only way in which they can fulfill the promise of their greatness. Of violence the world is sick. By hatreds and quarrels we are surfeited and poisoned. The hearts of the people turn away from the noise of militarists and warmongers. We long for the peacemakers. No war brings peace, for violence only brings more violence. We need a new revolution, the revolution which Gandhi carried on, in the midst of a world rent by violence. Oh, India, dare to be worthy of your Gandhi!

A Great Emancipator

Gandhi must be counted among the world's greatest emancipators. He lived to see his people—nearly one-fifth of the human race—freed from foreign rule. He made long strides toward liberating the sixty million untouchables; today caste in India is crumbling. He must be listed among the greatest liberators of women, who no longer occupy a completely subservient position.

Yet may he prove a still greater emancipator—the liberator of a world enslaved to the machinery it has invented. Perhaps, while there is yet time, a frightened mankind, trembling before the yawning crevasse of self-annihilation to which its blind adherence to the lawlessness of violence has brought it, will listen to this prophet and break the vicious circle that carries us all toward destruction.

Gandhi led the greatest experiment in history in pitting moral force against military might. He was not, of course, 100 per cent successful; nor did he claim to be. But he demonstrated on a large scale the essential workability of the Sermon on the Mount. And as our perspective lengthens, I suspect we shall come to see that this man, incarnating so much of the best of two great streams of man's religious heritage—the Judeo-Christian and the Hindu—represents the greatest advance in religious thinking since the time of Christ. The world wearies of bloodshed and hungers for something more than material abundance. Thus Gandhi may prove to be more than a martyr to his country's freedom; he may be the world's liberator from the endless cycle of destruction, war, greed, and hate.

ARTHUR FOOTE.

Gandhi—Spiritual Genius

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

In one of his earlier non-cooperation campaigns on behalf of Indian independence, Gandhi had occasion to issue an "order of the day," so to speak, to his army of followers. He knew that this campaign would be costly—that his faithful servants would be set upon with violence, and thus sorely tempted to retaliate in kind. So he issued his commands, which were as follows:

"If arrested, go to prison quietly.

"If beaten, endure it patiently.

"If shot, die peacefully."

It was under a discipline as strict as this that Gandhi carried through to victory his vast struggle for the freedom of India. His antagonist was Britain, the greatest empire the world has seen since the decline and fall of Rome. To try to meet British power with arms was obviously ridiculous. In this age of mechanical war, it was impossible for the rebel to reach down his musket from over the fireplace, and go out and shoot the enemy. Furthermore, the Indians had no muskets or other weapons—they were a disarmed population. So Gandhi conceived the idea of organizing resistance and attack on a spiritual rather than a physical plane. He would teach his people to use force in vindication of their rights, but it should be Soul Force—the pitting of the spirit against the flesh. Not to strike but to suffer, not to kill but to die, not to hate but to love—this was the essence of a struggle in which injuries were endured but never inflicted, and victory won by the fixed policy of overcoming evil not with evil but with good.

It was this extension of the nonviolent principle to great masses of men that constituted Gandhi's unique and unforgettable contribution to world statesmenship. There was nothing in the principle itself that was original with the Mahatma. He was the first to agree that it went straight back to Jesus, and beyond the Nazarene to Buddha and the Bhagavad-Gita. It had for centuries been the message of great souls, and the practice of little groups of heroic men and women, such as the Jains in India and the Quakers in Christendom. But it was left to Gandhi to take this ideal and make it the way of life for an entire nation. With infinite ingenuity and rigorous example, he trained the millions of his countrymen to resist their enemies with bare hands and loving hearts, and therewith make the spirit potent to the highest and noblest ends. Humanity had never seen anything like this before, which opened up a new epoch in history.

How Gandhi achieved this amazing feat—or "experiment" as he would call it—must remain forever a part of that impenetrable secret which enshrouds the few great leaders of mankind. One thing is certain—the Mahatma disciplined his own soul to the mastery of these spiritual principles, before he sought to impose them upon others. Gandhi never asked anybody to do anything which he had not first done himself. Example was to him far more important than even the most eloquent words.

But another and more important thing is equally certain. I refer to the fact that Gandhi went to the divine sources of the spirit and drank deep of their living waters. This great Indian was a mystic—preeminently a man of prayer. He made contact with the Eternal, and maintained that contact in all the relationships of life. "I could do nothing," he said to me, "without prayer." From this standpoint, his achievements were the work of God; and Truth, when he found it, the reality of God. All of which means that Soul Force was effective because it was true! It must be practised fundamentally because it was the way of righteousness.

Gandhi was thus preeminently a religious leader, to be ranked with Buddha, Jesus, Lao-tse, Zoroaster, and St. Francis, as one of the supreme spiritual geniuses of all time. The Indian people seemed to feel this, and so called him Mahatma, and set up images of him in the temples. The rest of the world is beginning to recognize it. How otherwise explain the passion of mingled grief and homage which swept mankind on the day of Gandhi's death? Under the shock of that event, we suddenly awoke to realize what we had lost—and also gained!

The Greatest Man in the World

W. E. B. Du BOIS

At his death, Mohandas Gandhi was the greatest man in the world. He was the Prince of Peace and stood among living leaders alone, because of that fact. For his color and his poverty he was despised and rejected by most of the world. He had no form nor comeliness that men should desire him and yet he stood for the one thing which the powerful Christian Church has been supposed to advocate for nearly two thousand years.

It is singular that a man who was not a follower of the Christian religion should be in his day the best exemplification of the principles which that religion was supposed to lay down. While the Christian Church during its two thousand years of existence has been foremost in war and organized murder, Mohandas Gandhi was foremost in exemplifying peace as a method of political progress.

I remember once sitting at a large dinner in a New York hotel where there were a number of Christian ministers, including a few from colored Harlem. Madame Pandit, the sister of Nehru, was one of the speakers and as this singularly beautiful woman rose and looked upon that audience, she said with a smile, "You know I am a heathen"; and as a heathen she represented something bigger and finer than those professed representatives of the Christian Church; the church which had defended slavery and is defending, with few exceptions, present color caste; and which was not only foremost in the promotion of the First and Second World Wars but is ready for a Third World War.

Since the beginning of this era, the rise of the industrial revolution in the eighteenth century, the world has increasingly counted upon war as the chief method

of social uplift. This is in direct contradiction to the ethics of the Christian religion. It is as far as one can conceive from the Christ doctrine of turning the other cheek, of self-sacrifice, of peace and good will. Yet we have not only insisted upon war as the chief weapon of civilization but our insistence has progressively increased, until today after a World War so total and costly that it well-nigh stopped civilization, we are doggedly preparing frantically for a Third World War and what must be looked upon as a final effort at suicide. Our greatest leaders, with few exceptions, seem to agree with this program. Winston Churchill, ever since he was disappointed at not maintaining control of the British Empire, has not only advocated war but persistently pushed and advised the United States to lead it. I know of very few great leaders who have taken their stand upon the Christian doctrine of peace. Mohandas Gandhi was the one magnificent exception. For years now he has been a leader in the peace movement and also a leader in the rise of the colored peoples. He has changed their attitude. Formerly there seemed absolutely no chance for the majority of people in the world to gain freedom and autonomy except by fighting and overcoming the dominant white race. This trend of thought Gandhi ended.

How is it now that among civilized people this kind of contradiction can happen? That you can have an organization and a creed and personal profession standing for one thing and yet actions which entirely contradict them? It is of course because we accept hypocrisy and lying as part of our creed. We become used not only to saying one thing and meaning another, but of professing one belief and acting in contradiction to it, and then neither permitting criticism willingly, nor heeding it if the criticism is made.

When this kind of action characterizes an era, its fall and destruction is forecast. It is impossible to maintain integrity and logical balance in the midst of hypocrisy and lying. On the other hand, and no one knew this more than Mohandas Gandhi, the price of standing up against overwhelming world opinion is terrible. Gandhi began fighting for Indians and Negroes in South Africa and there, in the most reactionary and utterly debased of modern countries called civilized, he fought his battle for equality. Then when he went back to India he was faced by the inevitable difficulty when one finds power and wealth in high places, when one finds war and organized murder almost universally accepted as a method of progress. He must, as a result of this, find himself. And he did so gradually but determinedly.

He tried at first to follow the faith which influenced so many of us in the First World War. He wanted India to take part in a "War to end all Wars"; in a war to stop the war psychosis. But he found out, as so many of us did, that the First World War was simply a prelude to a second; that it was not a war for freedom but for industrial profit. When Gandhi saw that its results in Asia included massacres like that of Amritsar, and the imprisoning and torture of liberal leadership, he turned to "Passive Resistance." By inaction and refusal to cooperate in wrong, he tried to compel the governing powers of the British Empire to give India her freedom. He even tried to face and fight the great organization of industry based on the modern machine and accumulated capital. It was a hard and, for long years, a failing fight; but today we see that in the long run the Gandhi doctrine must triumph or modern civilization falls, as the cultures of Greece and Rome fell two thousand years ago.

Much depends upon our attitude toward Gandhi and his doctrines. Is it not possible for the world to turn and say, "No more war!"; to reinstate the Prince of Peace as founder and guide of the Christian religion; to acknowledge that it took a heathen to show Christians the way of life, and to refuse to be carried further in this insane determination to commit suicide through a Third World War?

He knew, as all men with wisdom know, that peace cannot be obtained through war; that this psychosis of murder, which has gradually gripped the modern civilized world, means its utter suicide; and, therefore, in his great work of emancipating more than three hundred and fifty millions of human beings, Gandhi sought to find the path of peace, rather than the path of war. He carried it out to an extent which no other great group of people, not even the Quakers, had ever attempted before. He led hundreds of millions toward this program of peace and sacrifice. It was not as successful as he hoped. Nevertheless, at his death he could see that his program was a greater and finer program than anything that the world had tried, certainly during the twenty centuries of Christian leadership.

The impact of his magnificent courage and his stubborn standing by principle will not soon be forgotten. This is not to say that Gandhi was all-wise; that, for instance, his fight against capitalism and his laying down of great principles were always unassailable by criticism and logic; but with all of his mistakes, and they were many, his fundamental principles were unquestionable, his unselfishness and spirit of sacrifice were something that the modern world cannot properly evaluate or worship.

Gandhi and Jesus

The lives of both of these great men and their method of nonviolence in the face of the national tensions of their times must be seen and read against the background of great empires, Roman and British. If, as a lad, Jesus saw a city razed to the ground and its inhabitants liquidated by the Romans the event was not without great and lasting significance in his later life. The madness of violence under such unequal circumstances demanded another and less hazardous form of resistance. Jesus advocated by precept and example the way of love and unfailing good will—fully aware, I think, that the odds were against him. But he saw no other way. "Love your enemies" has a political background even if it is not confined to that area. The same must be said, also, regarding Gandhi. Both men pitted apparent weakness against great political power; one without success, because of a meager following; the other with great success, because of a great following. How soon the full lesson of their lives will be tested in dealing with the tensions which develop between the highly industrialized powers of this age, with atomic bombs on hand, remains to be seen. Sooner or later we will have the answer, either in disaster, or in a new age of brotherhood and understanding.

EVANS A. WORTHLEY.

"The Sun Has Perished Out of the Heavens"

STEPHEN S. WISE

Only twice before in a long life have I quoted the Homeric phrase: "The sun has perished out of the Heavens"—for the first time, in 1904, when the mournful tidings came that the most completely prophetic figure of a thousand years, Theodor Herzl, had passed; for the second time, on the afternoon of April 12, 1945, when America and indeed the whole world were stunned into silence and, after that, into tears, when word came that Franklin Delano Roosevelt had ceased in every sense to be mortal. And now for the third time, when I learned that bullets had overcome the supreme figure of nonviolence in our century, I could not help crying: "The sun has perished out of the Heavens."

It would be of little avail to dwell upon the so-called paradox of the arch-apostle of nonviolence perishing at the hands of violence. He fell because he was too much of a *Sar Shalom*—Prince of Peace—in the eyes of a band of violentists, confounding nationalism with murderous fanaticism, and apparently unable to comprehend that two mighty States, which had been one for centuries, could not live peaceably side by side without mutual understanding, without reciprocal forbearance, without the spirit of Gandhi.

The world today is much too prone to dwell upon Gandhi's death. In this way it repeats the classic blunder of Christendom, which has made much, if not all, of the death of Him they named the Christ, and much too little, if anything, of the life and teaching and example of Jesus, the Jew. Gandhi's death was tragic beyond the power of words to convey—walking to a shrine to offer prayer, and struck down by the cruel and unpitying hand of an armed enemy of peaceably divided India. But the paradox, if paradox it be, of his death, the horror of it, these are things of an hour, and will live only as incidental items of history.

What will forever live in remembrance and serve as an example and inspiration through the ages is the life of Gandhi, the man who dared to be himself; a man who, being utterly true to himself, became one of the supreme figures of a millenium.

Unless one had faith in the resistless power of the spirit, it would be impossible to believe that one little man of normal intellectual endowments, without any extraordinary gifts, should have been the main instrument of the liberation of a mighty land, should have succeeded in defying the British Commonwealth, should by the force of his moral genius have effected that which only the most terrible of internecine wars could and would have brought about, namely, the manumission of the great Indian people and their partition into two relatively peaceful States.

Transcendent were many acts and achievements of Gandhi's. None was greater than that which marked the last shining hours of his life, for in it he wrought a deed such as men have not looked upon. Two mighty peoples were on the verge of civil war. Britain, one may be sure, stood ready to seize the spoils of yet another destructive intramural war. When, lo and behold, one strange small old man declared to his Indian peoples: "Thus far shall ye go and no farther. I shall not touch food again until your leaders assure me that you will dwell in peace side by side." At his advanced age he fasted, one is assured, without the fear of dying. But his fast brought his beloved India to the understanding of the truth, that the evil of Indian strife must die, but not India's loftiest good, the life of a saint whose fasting was a sustained prayer to the Highest, and the evocation of his people's best.

The bullet of a mad assassin felled him, and Gandhi's remembrance has already become a shrine—in truth an altar—before which men of all faiths and races shall learn the ways of peace. Had Gandhi survived, he would have forgiven his assailant and sought to win him over to the good and nonviolent life. Let there then be no bitter and widespread reprisals. Let India thank God that this man has lived, not worshipping an unattainable ideal—such has been the fate of Jesus—but seeking to live and strive for truth and justice and peace.

Nonviolent Force

It is a mistake indeed to think that a philosophy of nonviolence such as was sponsored by Gandhi means inaction, do-nothingism. What men like Jesus, Gandhi, Tolstoy advocated is the complete and aggressive mobilization of all moral forces to combat evil. The trouble, they said, with reliance on armaments and other instruments of violence, was that it led men to rest behind a false security (like France behind a Maginot Line) and led them to neglect the organization of those personal, social, positive, human resources which in the end are the only hope for peace and security. The greater the instruments of violence that exist, said Gandhi, the more complete our tendency to rely on them, and the more we neglect the moral forces. Not for a minute would Gandhi have men relent in their opposition to evil, but for that opposition they should mobilize only nonviolent moral power. This is not hopeless resignation in any sense, but an aroused and ceaseless effort to overcome evil by doing good.

TRACY M. PULLMAN.

Center of Power

Before the death of Mohandas Gandhi, the center of power in India was not in the impressive government buildings of the British Empire and Commonwealth; nor yet in the meeting places of the political parties; but near the Temple of the Scavengers in the district of the untouchables, where the Mahatma made his last home and conducted his religious meetings. The center of power was there because in that lean frame was the finest and bravest spirit in India. Gandhi's power shows what an influence one individual life may have. In a vivid way his death dramatizes the struggle going on all over the world today with the forces of reason, love, and good will in conflict with hatred, unreason, and fanaticism. It is not apparent yet which way the people will turn, toward the light or away from it. But one thing *is* apparent; each of us, too, is a center of power for good or ill in that struggle.

HURLEY B. BEGUN.

The Seal of Martyrdom

E. BURDETTE BACKUS

When I picked up the paper and saw the headlines announcing that Gandhi had been murdered, not only was I deeply shocked but I had a keen sense of personal loss. My heart cried out, "No! No!" The feeling was born of the fact that for years I have followed Mr. Gandhi's career with intense interest, and despite the fact that he belongs to a civilization which in a sense is alien to our own, despite the fact that at many points I have disagreed strongly with his ideas, I had become convinced that here was, perhaps, the supreme personality of our time. The title, "Mahatma," meaning "Great Soul," conferred on him by popular acclaim among his own countrymen, has been properly bestowed. He was a "Great Soul," and now the seal of martyrdom has been placed on his life to add to the strength of his influence as it marches into the future.

Some years ago Mr. Gandhi published his autobiography under the title of *The Story of My Experiments With Truth*. From the material in that document and from certain other studies of his life I should like to remind you of his career, of the manner of man he was. His father was the prime minister of a small native state in the Northwest of India when Gandhi was born nearly eighty years ago. Thus he was reared with all the advantages which wealth could provide. He was an exceedingly shy and sensitive child, so much so that when he began to go to school he would run home as soon as school was out to avoid speaking with the other children for fear they might poke fun at him. He was much too shy and timid to take part in games or sports. How mightily he was to triumph over this native timidity, so that he stood steadfast in his opposition to the greatest empire of earth!

There is an incident of his boyhood which is revealing of his character. He and a companion had incurred a small debt and in order to pay it he cut a small piece of gold off a bracelet belonging to his brother. But his conscience bothered him over the affair and he confessed to his father. His father was so distressed by this violation of the standards of the home that he was moved to tears, and he exacted from his son a promise that hereafter he would always adhere strictly to the truth. The experience made a profound impression on Gandhi and doubtless contributed in large measure to that exceptional devotion to the truth which was to mark him subsequently.

After he had received his education in Indian schools his family sent him to England to complete his preparation for the practice of law. On his return to India he set up as a lawyer but at first had very few clients, not at all an unusual experience for young barristers. Later, however, he developed a very lucrative practice, earning in excess of $30,000.00 a year. His reputation for complete honesty and fair dealing brought him more clients than he could care for. But he was not happy; his sensitive spirit was profoundly moved by the sufferings of the people he saw around him, and to alleviate their distress he gave away practically all the large fortune which he had inherited from his father and all that he himself earned.

Then there took place certain events which were to give his subsequent career its particular bent. He accepted an invitation to go to South Africa on a legal matter of relatively minor importance. But once he was there he became absorbed in the desperate needs of his fellow Indians who were living there under British rule. Some 150,000 Indians were living in South Africa, most of them having gone there as indentured laborers. The British called all Indians "coolies" and drew a sharp color line against them. Gandhi himself was not permitted to buy a first-class ticket on the railroad and was told he must ride with the "coolies." He was denied admittance to hotels patronized by the whites. This, together with his observations as to how terribly his countrymen were exploited, resolved him to try to root out the color prejudice and secure more humane treatment for the laborers.

He organized the Indians and began to develop and use the technique which he was later to apply on a vast scale in India, the technique of nonviolent, noncooperative resistance. It is difficult for us of the West to understand this technique and its effectiveness because we have had no experience with it and because our background is so different from that of the peoples of the Orient. Yet, strange to say, Gandhi got some of the suggestions for his method from an American, from the writings of David Henry Thoreau who went to jail rather than pay a poll tax to a state which his conscience condemned because of its standards, and who urged civil disobedience as a method of reform. Other elements of his technique Gandhi derived from Tolstoy, from the New Testament, from the religion of his own people, and worked into it all his own genius.

Under his leadership the Indians of South Africa refused to cooperate with the British; they just withdrew their services from the community. But we make a mistake if we think of Gandhi's method as being simply a negative one. On the contrary he infused it with a stronger positive force, the force of his own high spirit. He insisted that his followers should maintain an active good will toward their opponents. When they were attacked they were not to meet force with force, but to turn the other cheek. They were to see the point of view of the opposition party, recognize the validity of some of its claims, and seek to serve their mutual interests.

Gandhi himself practiced what he preached. He was set upon and beaten, not once but many times. He did not resist, did not strike back. On one occasion he was left for dead in the gutter. He says in his autobiography that he can remember that even then he felt no animosity toward his assailant. You will remember that the newspaper account of his death told how, when the fatal bullet had crashed into him, he passed his hand over his face in a gesture of forgiveness to his assassin. One cannot but recall the words of Jesus as he hung on the cross: "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do."

When the Boer War broke out in South Africa, Gandhi called off his strike in order that it might not be an added source of difficulty to the British. He even went further and organized a corps among the Indians to minister to those who were wounded in battle. He himself was conspicuous in the service he rendered. For twenty years he carried on his struggle in South Africa and at the end of that time a commission appointed by the government brought in a report vindicating the criticisms Gandhi had been making and instituting reforms designed to correct the

abuses. Gandhi returned to India, there to renew essentially the same struggle on a far grander scale.

The story of that epic struggle is known to all of us. We know of the remarkable influence which Gandhi won over his fellow countrymen because of the exceptional purity of his life and of his selfless devotion to their cause. In him the national aspirations of India found a living symbol. We know how he held himself responsible for any excesses on the part of his followers and sought to hold them in control by his fasts of penitence when they had violated his principles. We remember how he went to jail time and again in his struggle with the British Empire, and in jail became if anything more powerful than when at liberty. We remember how, when the First World War broke on the world, he called off his opposition to Britain and went to her aid because he was convinced that her cause in that war was identical with the best interests of mankind. We recall how eventually he abandoned his view that India's fulfillment could take place under British rule and at length demanded complete independence. He himself was the most potent factor in bringing about that independence when it was granted under the present government. At the time of his death he was doing all within his power to heal the unhappy breech between the Moslems and Hindus of India, and it was his efforts to do this which cost him his life.

The external events of Gandhi's life are certainly full of drama of a high order, but far more significant than that is the inner drama of his soul, for it was that spiritual power which was the source of all that he was and did. Let us, therefore, in conclusion have a brief glance at the religion of this man who stood pre-eminent among the spiritual leaders of our time.

He was born into the Jain sect, one of the stricter religious groups of India, but, of course, he soon outgrew the narrow bounds of any sectarian religion and arrived at that universal faith which has always been characteristic of earth's greatest. In his autobiography he tells us that in his youth he inclined to atheism but that before long he had crossed that "Sahara Desert" and arrived at a sincere belief in God whom he describes in these words: "There is no other God than truth, and He can be known only by experience." To him religion was not a matter of books or creeds or church membership but a way of life.

There was a time when he considered becoming a Christian. It came about in this way. He tried to read the Bible and he says that it put him to sleep. Then one day he came across the Sermon on the Mount in the New Testament. It immediately went to his heart and seemed to him a clear revelation of the truths at which he had already arrived himself. So he gave himself to a careful study of Christianity, only to reject it. The reasons which he alleges are these: he says that if only Christianity were identical with the spirit of Jesus he could have accepted it. But unhappily this was far from the case. He heard the Christian missionaries in India violently attacking the Hindu people and their Gods; he went to Christian churches and listened to preachers whose sermons seemed to him far removed from the spirit of the Carpenter of Nazareth. They demanded of him that he believe that Jesus was the only son of God, they demanded that he accept the doctrine of the vicarious atonement. He simply could not believe in these things, so he gave up the idea of becoming a Christian. He cultivated a spirit of tolerance and sympathy toward all religions, while at the same time retaining his special interest in the religious traditions of his own people, and said that he found the *Ramayana,* the great Hindu epic, the most helpful of all the books of religious devotion.

There are a few sentences from his autobiography which I should like to quote: "I say without the slightest hesitation, and yet in all humility, that those who say that religion has nothing to do with politics do not know what religion means. . . . I made the religion of *service* my own as I felt that God could be realized only through service." Here speaks the same voice which has spoken in all the great prophets of religion. It is the voice which identifies God with the divine in man and which insists that the only way in which God can be truly worshipped is by striving ever to achieve those conditions among men which are most favorable to the fullest expression of the best that there is in our humanity. It sees that religion is a way of life, a rugged way that is hard to take because it leads to the heights. Suffering, said Gandhi, is always the price of progress. He has now given to that progress "the last full measure of devotion"; by the way he lived and the way he died he has joined the immortal company of those who, because they have been lifted up, draw all men unto them.

Prayer of Aspiration

Spirit of Love, Spirit of Truth—so splendidly revealed in the martyred Mahatma, the Great Soul, so tragically cut down in the very act of raising an aged hand to bless him who was his Assassin:

We would take this moment to lift our hearts in thanks for the immeasurable blessing this man has been to our age; for his holding before faltering and Empire-ridden mankind an example of the might of resolute gentleness conquering the massed power of foreign domination; for his showing an unloving age how love and love alone can restrain armed mobs and defy entire armies; for his demonstration of how simple and unadorned truth can put tyranny over the mind of man and the propaganda techniques of our times to rout and to shame.

We lift our hearts in thanks for another in the line of the Saviours—one who was not merely the friend of the friendless and the oppressed, but so much one with him and with all men, high or low, as to approach becoming the very soul of a new nation. We are glad to have been contemporaries of one who was big enough in spirit to keep faith with the faithless, to take his years of prison and privation and strife with a mind untroubled and serene, to suffer unto death for the sufferings of others.

We rejoice that the little handful of bewildered souls who once looked on from a distance at the Cross of Calvary—an event unnoticed in the annals of Empire—has now swollen to those millions and hundreds of millions of all faiths who today are more aware than ever before of the power of that which has been made so real by this Great Soul of India. May ours be the resolve that his passing shall not mark the breaking down of the forces that hold the legions of the bloodthirsty in tow, but the beginning of a new age of the brotherhood of man in deed and in truth.

R. Lester Mondale.

Gandhi Made the World Richer

CLIFFORD MANSHARDT

The death of Mahatma Gandhi brought to a close a period of personal leadership which has had few parallels in world history, and the like of which will probably never be seen again. A frail, half-naked, little brown man was revered almost as a god by millions of Hindus, and honored by Hindus and Muslims alike. His word was of more power than the orders of government, enforced by armies and all the administrative machinery. The world has lost one of the most important figures in contemporary history.

I first met Gandhi in India in 1925. Conversing informally at a small tea party, Gandhi said: "It is my opinion that most Americans in India talk too much. Let your deeds speak for you. Give yourselves in love. Love is the language of the heart which India understands."

I began to study about the man, acquainting myself with his early background in India, his student days in England and his subsequent career in South Africa.

One of the questions most often asked me by Americans is, "Why does Gandhi dress as he does?" The reference is of course to his scantiness of attire. The answer is that Gandhi identified himself completely with the people of India. Since the great majority of Indian peasants are so poor that they can afford only a minimum of clothing, Gandhi accepted their lot as his own and dramatized Indian poverty to the world at large. He lived as a simple peasant, though he could have maintained himself in luxury. But at the same time Gandhi's simplicity was the practical expression of one of his great teachings, viz., that "civilization consists, not in the multiplication of wants, but in their voluntary reduction." Words of wisdom, which might well be pondered.

Just before his death Gandhi engaged in one of his numerous fasts—his final fast being in the interest of Hindu-Muslim unity. Fasting is rooted deep in the religious history of India. Austerity, called *tapas* in Sanskrit, was practised centuries before the birth of Christ, when religious devotees punished themselves in unusual ways in the attempt to secure unusual powers—generally for personal benefit. Gandhi put positive, moral, and social content into an ancient principle. When he fasted he was in the line of the Hindu saints and heroes. Vicarious atonement, the suffering of the innocent on behalf of the guilty, is well understood in India and commands great respect.

The spinning wheel has been the symbol of the Indian Nationalist Movement. It was at the heart of Gandhi's economic theories. India, with her 400 million people, has a tremendous surplus of man power. The problem of India, according to Gandhi, is not to discover labor-saving devices, but to find employment. If hand spinning can add but a pittance to the meager income of the peasant, it is a great national asset. And cottage industries do not result in great industrial slums which are the curse of modern cities. Gandhi's quarrel was not with modern civilization, but with the evils accompanying a rapid and unplanned industrialization.

Gandhi's life was organized around the principle of love. It is easy to love within narrow limits, but Gandhi's love was all-inclusive. It took in the outcastes at the bottom of the Hindu social scale and it transcended religious lines to include the Muslims. At an age when he could have been enjoying a well-earned retirement, Gandhi was risking his life daily, as he tramped through the riot-torn areas of Bengal, Bihar, and the Punjab in the interest of Hindu-Muslim unity. It was his love for others—his inclusiveness—that brought about his death at the hand of a Hindu bigot, who could visualize India simply as Hindustan—a place for the Hindus alone.

Although technically Gandhi's life was ended by an assassin's bullet, Gandhiji had faced and conquered death when he abandoned all thoughts of self to follow the way of love.

Gandhi exemplified in his life the highest form of sacrifice. In every holy place in India one can find *sadhus,* holy men, living apart, renouncing the world in order to ensure their individual salvation. Gandhi believed that true renunciation did not mean abandoning the world, but carrying the spirit of renunciation into all the activities of life. Every man must live the dedicated life.

Satyagraha, Soul Force or Truth Force, as interpreted by Gandhi, brought a new principle into international politics. There are two ways to meet an enemy: overcome him by superior force, or win him to your side by your own suffering. It was the latter technique which Gandhi developed, and though, on the face of it, it may seem impractical, the fact remains that it has worked. India became free—not by the use of guns or airplanes—but through the discipline of self-suffering. There is a principle here which our Western World has as yet not sufficiently explored.

One of the secrets of Gandhi's power was his humility. Though one of the world's truly great, Gandhi was completely selfless. Even his worst enemies could never accuse him of self-seeking. He sought neither wealth, nor position, nor political power. His life was dedicated to the service of an ideal. For Gandhi, humility was not a matter of deprecating one's self and refusing to take responsibility. It was a matter of recognizing one's limitations and then serving wholeheartedly within the framework of these limitations. Every man thus has his useful function in society.

Unlike most world figures of this generation, Gandhi believed in the supremacy of the spiritual. He regarded the spiritual as the supremely real. He believed in God; felt that his actions were guided by the spirit of God, and spent long hours in seeking to know the will of God. He prayed in the morning to gain strength for the duties of the day, and he prayed at night to secure that peace which would enable him to rise above the responsibilities of the day. In season and out of season, Gandhi testified to the help of prayer in meeting his crushing responsibilities. It was while going to his prayers that he met his death.

Today Gandhi is gone and the leaders of India must walk alone. Mahatma Gandhi led India along the long and tortuous road to freedom. His successors must follow the longer and even more difficult road of making freedom real.

Gandhi As I Knew Him

WELTHY HONSINGER FISHER

The world still lingers in the hush of Gandhi's death, but the Gandhi era is just beginning, for his seventy-nine years here among us have only begun to stir the moral conscience of mankind.

I first met the Mahatma in 1925, in the city of Cawnpore where a session of the Indian National Congress was being held that had brought together five thousand distinguished Indian patriots of all religions, castes, and classes. Arriving Sunday evening too late for the session I went early Monday morning to the *Pandal* to be there when Sarojini Naidu, the then-president, should strike her gavel. Eagerly doffing my shoes I slipped down the matted aisle of the great tent and looked up to the dais on which the leaders sat. There were the two famous Muslim Ali brothers, and handsome Motilal Nehru, the father of Jawaharlal, and many others, all sitting cross-legged on the platform. But Gandhi was not there.

"His day of silence," whispered my friend Urmila Devi to me, "every Monday he refrains from speaking." Then she disappeared and soon came back with an invitation from the Mahatma for me to come and sit with him.

Mr. Gandhi and my husband had been friends for some years, and now that we were back from South Africa with fresh news of the struggle there, and from his son Monilal whom we visited, he would let this member of the family come and sit with him—even on his day of silence. I went immediately, and as I entered the simple room, he rose from the floor, took my hand in both of his, and gave me a smile of welcome that lasted through the years—even to the last hour I spent with him in Delhi five short months ago.

The room was bare. Gandhi sat on a white covered pad and beside him was his spinning wheel, a pile of books, and papers. He wrote with pencil on a piece of paper, handed it over to me with a mischievous twinkle in his eye that took away all my strangeness. "You may speak but I may not," it read. So I sat down on the other white covered pad which completed the room's furnishings. I spoke a sentence or two about South Africa and Monilal, then was silent. The atmosphere of this room was too richly meditative for speech. I was there perhaps for an hour. Now and then Gandhi would spin, now and then open a book and read, now and then would close his eyes. From that moment I never thought of the Mahatma as little. Frail as he was through much fasting, you felt his towering power when his eyes looked straight through you and looked for truth. Yonder in the huge *Pandal* the session of the Congress was proceeding but the greatest power behind it and permeating through it sat here, now spinning, now praying—in silence. After a while I rose, took his hand again, breathed into my spirit another warm smile, and returned to the *Pandal*.

The nonviolent war for independence under Gandhi's generalship was in full swing. To the Western World there was but one war going on in India, and that one for political independence, but there were others fully as important: for outlawing untouchability, for employment of the vast unemployed masses, for raising the standard of living of the abject poor, for the better well-being of all Indians, for Hindu-Muslim unity and for equality of women. Europe and America could not understand this non-killing war being waged by the men and women of India. The only kind of war they could cope with was a killing war.

Because it was nonviolent, women could take their full share in it. Women who had lived in *purdah* all their lives leaped out from behind the curtain, donned the *khaddar* uniform, spun and woven for the most part by their own hands, ready to picket government liquor and opium shops, and ready to go singing to prison. From the day in South Africa when his modest wife Kastarbai, the mother of his four sons, begged to lead the three thousand Indians in their protest march of six hundred miles from Durban to Pretoria to enter jail, Gandhi made women an integral part of the movement.

"Woman shall no longer be the husband's bondslave; she shall be as free as her husband to choose her own path," Gandhi put down as a principle for new India.

The spinning wheel was the coat of arms of the nonviolent warriors, as it was in fact the symbol of the entire movement. The Western World called it "turning the wheels of history back," but in reality it was a large spoke in the wheel of reform. Gandhi along with his highly trained and intelligent followers were unmoved by Western ridicule, so they went on spinning. They took down old spinning wheels from their attics, or bought new ones, and began to spin much of the cotton that for 150 years had been forcibly taken out of their country as raw material, spun and woven in a foreign land, and then brought back to an India too poor to purchase the finished goods. But the spinning wheel did more than that. It wrought more things than the Western World dreamed of.

It unified the movement and brought its members to a simplified living. For after a man or a woman had woven a cotton garment and dressed himself in it, jewels, hats, and leather shoes were out of place. The villager and the urbanite began to feel a oneness; the Brahman and the outcaste began to look alike; all classes focused their lives on the one great cause that transcended caste and religion, rose above wealth and poverty, and sketched a new design for living for all India.

This nonviolent war was a grim business and it was long—almost three decades. But the reformers did not lose their patience, for the war tested character and developed it. Delicate women who had walked softly out of their inner apartments clung not to the periphery of war but to the center of it, and endured all until the political war was won. India is now free.

Five months ago when visiting India, I went to call on some of these valiant women. In order to see Sarojini Naidu whom I used to see in prison, I had to visit the palatial government house in Lucknow, where she sits as the able governor of the United Provinces.

Instead of making a pilgrimage to Gandhi's mud-housed *Ashram* in Wardha, to see that devoted Christian follower of Gandhi, Raj Kumari Amrit Kaur, where I saw her in 1939, I went to Delhi where she now presides over health matters for all India—the only woman member of Prime Minister Nehru's cabinet.

Instead of going to her tent at a great National Congress, where I first met Vayalakshmi Pandit, in Tripuri,

I would need to visit Moscow where she is the distinguished representative of her country. Such noble women as these, and many others trained under Gandhi's leadership, are taking their full share in the rebuilding of their Mother India.

"Until and unless reform reaches the villages of India, there *is* no reform," Gandhi said to me one day in Wardha, seated in his tiny mud house where he did his thinking and praying and planning—and where he received the world that came to his door. Gandhi seemed to have thought of everything: through his insistence there was formed the All-India Village Improvement Association that still functions; the All-India Spinners Association that helped the villages that grew cotton; the Wardha System of Education that planned to educate through a skill, and to be self-supporting because no money was appropriated for village education. That is now all changed, as the Indian government is determined to reduce illiteracy, even as they have outlawed untouchability. With the intelligent leadership that India has today, one feels confident that the 740 thousand villages will not be forgotten.

On my last visit to Delhi in December, 1947, as on previous visits, I made it a habit to attend Gandhi's prayer services in the garden of Birla House. On one occasion young Mr. Birla took me back to my hotel in his car, and of course our conversation was centered upon the great man who cast a spell over all of us. Mr. Birla was dressed in complete Indian style: his white shirt, collarless and open at the throat, the shirt tail out over his *dhoti,* his stockingless feet shod with coarse straw sandals.

"If anyone had said to me a few years back that I would ever be dressed like this, I would have laughed him to scorn," Mr. Birla said to me, and knowing that in other days he took the most elaborate suite in Claridge's Hotel whenever he was in London, I could quite believe it.

"You see," he went on, "I was not like the rich young man who came to Jesus in your Bible, who 'turned sorrowfully away,' for I could not leave this little man, and I am going to stand by him."

It was in the garden of this devoted Birla that his enemies at last slew Gandhi. It was there he held his prayer services and received people from everywhere. It must always be a shrine, not only for India but for the world. In December on my last visit it was cold, the winds were penetrating—even so there must have been over four hundred that stood or sat on the cold grass for that forty-minute service. Gandhi would come out of the east room, and walk slowly down under the arbor to the foot of the garden where the portico was. He would step up and then seat himself Indian fashion on the white dais. Hanging above him under the roofed portico was an open-work brass lantern, and before him a low loud speaker. As soon as he was seated the prayers began, chanted by those nearest him, from the *Mahabharata,* and finally ending in *Sita Ram, Sita Ram,* when many in the congregation would join in rhythmic clapping of the hands. Then would come Gandhi's sermon, which I discovered as I went about India was printed in full in all city dailies of the country. He would take up the issues of the day, analyze the moral implications, and speak out his convictions, letting the chips fall where they would.

On my last evening in Delhi I followed him back into Birla House by appointment and chatted with him. He insisted that I leave my shoes on.

"This is a foreign carpet, isn't it, so follow your custom," he said, trying to make me feel comfortable. But his sandals came off, and he sat down on the low dais as I sat on the floor. We talked about the refugees that I had seen that day and he said: "I must give the next portion of my life to these people who are not to blame for their present condition."

I mentioned the possible fast that he was contemplating, to bring the Hindus and Muslims nearer together, and the last words he said will go ringing through my life: "Do not be concerned about me, my life is in the hands of My Great Counsellor."

And so it was. I remember that he once said: "When we reach the judgment seat I think God will not ask us what our name is but what we *are* and what we *do.*"

The Incarnation of Soul Force

HARIDAS T. MUZUMDAR

It is difficult to realize that Gandhi is no more with us in his frail physical body. A void has been created in my life and in the life of many who had personally known him and worked with him. This sentiment of grievous loss has been best expressed by Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, one of the Mahatma's closest co-workers and a great man in his own right. Upon learning of the passing away of the Mahatma, Mr. Nehru said: "The light has gone out of our lives. There is darkness everywhere. Gandhi's light, however, will still be seen for a thousand years." That is the measure of the loss sustained by mankind.

The magic of the Mahatma's personality may be best illustrated by a few personal reminiscences. In 1931 I spent a month with Gandhi when he was attending the Second Round Table Conference in London. Accompanying him on his early morning walks, I availed myself of the opportunity to ask him questions regarding his philosophy and outlook upon life. I especially took up for discussion those problems on which I might have had intellectual differences with the Mahatma. He would patiently recapitulate my difficulty and then state his position. Never once did he depart from the intellectual level in answering questions of an intellectual nature. His discussion would satisfy me while he was answering my questions in the face-to-face relationship. But when I went back to my hotel to write up our discussion, I would find Gandhi had not fully answered my questions. So, the next day I would raise the same problems with an apology and ask him to go over the ground with me. He did it readily but it was once again the sad experience of dissatisfaction for me when I tried to write up the Mahatma's method of reasoning. Having had the same experience repeated the third day, I said to myself that either I should take the man as he is or forget trying to understand him. I am sure Gandhi could convince anybody. An old British official once warned a newcomer to India not to go near Gandhi because of the danger of being converted by Gandhi to his point of view.

No one born or living in the twentieth century, in India or elsewhere, is entirely unaffected by the presence and ministry of Mahatma Gandhi. My whole life has been lived in the Gandhi atmosphere.

My first contact with Gandhi was toward the end of 1914 when I was a high school sophomore in Surat. Students of Gandhi's caste were getting up a reception in his honor and they approached me with the request that I deliver the welcome address, since I was the monitor of my class. What did we know about this great man who was to be honored? We had a vague notion that he had twisted the British Lion's tail in South Africa and got away with it; that he had served the cause of his oppressed compatriots in South Africa. Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi—the Lion of Africa! That is about all we knew concerning one who was destined to be the prophetic voice of a new world.

Well, what had he done in South Africa? Gandhi had labored in South Africa for twenty years—1894 to 1914—on behalf of his compatriots who had been denied civil rights and liberties which are enjoyed by everyone under the British regime. There, in South Africa, at the end of the world, as Tolstoy said, Gandhi worked out the technique of nonviolent resistance, the technique of Soul Force.

Having achieved his objective in South Africa, Gandhi landed in England, August, 1914, two days after England's declaration of war upon the Kaiser's Germany. Immediately Gandhi, who had fought in South Africa some of the evils of British administration, set about the task of organizing an ambulance corps of Hindese students to take care of wounded soldiers on the battlefield. His health failing, on the advice of physicians Gandhi left England for the sunny clime of his own dear motherland.

It was at this time, toward the end of 1914, that I had my first contact with him. As befitted an ambitious young man, keen and alert, and desirous of making India over into the pattern of England, I delivered my welcome address in English. I may modestly say that it was a good address and well delivered. But when the great man began to respond to the welcome ceremonies, I noticed he spoke in *Gujarati,* his mother tongue as well as mine, not in English. I thought my efforts had been wasted on him. There was a special remark in Gandhi's address that seemed to hit the nail on the head—not that I then liked it but it stuck with me. Much later, about five years later, I saw the value of Gandhi's remark then made. The gist of that statement, translated into English, is: "It grieves me very much to see the younger generation of India discard their mother tongue and make use of a foreign language. How can we get Home Rule if we have to demand it in a foreign tongue?"

Mahatma Gandhi's contribution to his people has been twofold: political and spiritual. When he addressed those words to me and to the young men and women of my high school generation, little did we realize that we had been victims of slave mentality, of an inferiority complex. Instead of becoming tenth-rate Englishmen, Gandhi taught his people to become first-rate Hindese. He banished from India fear and slave mentality, imparted to his people wholesome appreciation for the legacy of India, and quickened in them the sense of national loyalty. In the spiritual realm, Gandhi gave his people a new sense of the dignity and worth of human personality; he taught them regeneration from within and gave them a new hope and a new courage.

In 1919 when I was in college, Gandhi, now affectionately and reverently called Mahatma, launched his nonviolent non-cooperation movement with a plea to the people that they fast for 24 hours. The Mahatma himself fasted for 72 hours. In common with millions of young men and women in India I fasted for 24 hours in obedience to Mahatma Gandhi's call for self-purification individually and nationally.

Mahatma Gandhi's March to the Sea, his Dandi Salt Party accompanied by 78 followers, is the nearest analogy to the great Teacher of Galilee treading upon the countryside of Judea in company with his Apostles.

Gandhi's trial in 1922 before an English Judge reminds us of Jesus before Pilate. Judge and accused both showed a remarkable degree of cordiality toward each other. Subconsciously feeling that the empire was on trial and not the distinguished prisoner, the noble English Judge, Mr. Broomfield, said:

> The law is no respecter of persons. Nevertheless, it will be impossible to ignore the fact that you are in a different category from any person I have ever tried or am likely to have to try. It would be impossible to ignore the fact that in the eyes of millions of your countrymen you are a great patriot and a great leader. Even those who differ from you in politics look upon you as a man of high ideals and of noble and of even saintly life. . . There are probably few people in India who do not sincerely regret that you should have made it impossible for any government to leave you at liberty. If the course of events should make it possible for the government to reduce the period and release you, no one will be better pleased than I.

This statement of the English Judge is a credit alike to the British people and to the Hindese people.

Ever modest, the Mahatma refused to say much about himself. Intent on ministration to others, he had no time to think about himself—his past, his present, or his future. But in a weak moment he was trapped twice. In 1908, he made a promise to Rev. Joseph Doke in South Africa that he would do anything for the success of his movement. The Reverend Mr. Doke promptly said that a story of Gandhi's life would promote the success of his movement. Thus in 1908, from the pen of Mr. Doke, we had the first biography of Gandhi in the English language or in any language of the world. Similarly in the twenties he had promised some of his closest disciples that he would be glad to write something about his activities if he ever could find the time. Well, in 1922 he was imprisoned and found plenty of time to do writing. At the promptings of some of his prisonmates, he relented and began a series of articles on his life, entitled *My Experiments with Truth.* That is the title of Gandhi's autobiography, and it is a significant title: *My Experiments with Truth.* Truth, that is the ultimate and the highest value in Gandhi's vocabulary. In 1931, in Geneva, the birthplace of Calvinism, the Mahatma said: "Until now I used to say, God is Truth; now I say Truth is God." Truth, in other words, is the highest value, the highest reality, comprehending everything else.

According to Gandhi's philosophy of Truth, life is not just an accident—life is an adventure, an experiment to be consciously and purposefully lived. The whole of life is a field for experimentation. The purpose of the experiment is the attainment of Truth. The logic to be used in this experiment upon life for the attainment of Truth is not the logic of the laboratory nor of the test tube, but the logic of the "still small voice

within"—the same still voice from within which is the voice of God. Once we arrive at a conclusion by such a process of experimentation, it becomes our duty to carry it out in practice regardless of the consequences. The translation of the conviction into a reality becomes obligatory upon us even if the world should call us fools. But notice that the Truth arrived at can remain Truth only so long as it is executed in the spirit of *Ahimsa,* in the spirit of nonviolence and love. If Truth be considered one side of the coin, then *Ahimsa* is the other side of the coin. According to Gandhi, Soul Force involves self-invited suffering; the practice of *Ahimsa* means sacrifice of self rather than sacrifice of others. And it is better so, because

> . . . . if this kind of force [Soul Force] is used in a cause that is unjust, only the person using it suffers. He does not make others suffer for his mistakes. Men have before now done many things which were subsequently found to have been wrong. No man can claim that he is absolutely in the right or that a particular thing is wrong because he thinks it so, but *it is right or wrong for him so long as that is his deliberate judgment.* . . . This is the key to the use of Soul Force.

Please note the modesty of Mahatma Gandhi, the modesty and humility required of all of us. Dare we be arrogant and insolent in asserting that we alone are right? Gandhi's prescription fits in with the thinking of the Great Emancipator: "With firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right." What we believe to be right we must live up to—but never in a manner that would involve violence to others. We may then learn from Gandhi that Truth is unrealizable except in terms of *Ahimsa.*

Hitler believed he was right when he tried to impose his conception of right upon others by violence and brute force, thereby working havoc upon his own people and upon the citizens of the world. Today Stalin believes he is right and he is wedded to the cult of brute force. Gandhi would say to Stalin: "Sure, you have a right to believe you are right. What is more, you have a right to convert others to your point of view. But do it by the methods of Soul Force, not by the methods of brute force! If brute force be persisted in, hell will surely be let loose upon this planet."

In addition to the urgency of Soul Force, perhaps as an extension of it, we need to learn in our generation another lesson from Mahatma Gandhi, and that is the clear-cut distinction between a system of wrongdoing and the operator or operators of such a system. Our quarrel should be with the system of wrongdoing, not with the operators thereof. Time and again, the Mahatma pointed out to his people that their quarrel was with the British system of administration in India, not with the British people. One of the closest associates of Mahatma Gandhi was none other than the late Rev. C. F. Andrews, a noble Englishman and Christ's Faithful Apostle.

Today, in our world-wide task of reconstruction and rehabilitation we need the spirit of Gandhi and of Lincoln: "With malice toward none, with charity for all." Could we today say our quarrel was with the Nazi system of administration in Germany, not with the people of Germany? With the militarist system of administration in Japan, not with the people of Japan? Are we capable of chivalry toward the defeated foe? If we can look at the world with the great heart of Lincoln and Gandhi, we may yet achieve peace in our time.

How shall we pay tribute to the spirit of the departed Saint-Statesman? Even though his physical body is no more with us, it is to be hoped his spirit will march on triumphantly.

In a sense, neither India nor the world can add by an iota to the spiritual stature of the Master. Rather may we, who take his name and do him honor, dedicate ourselves anew to the glorious pathway of Soul Force, of Love Force, of Truth Force, that Gandhi incarnated in his insignificant framework of flesh and bones weighing barely a hundred pounds. This rededication of ourselves to the philosophy of Soul Force is the fittest homage we can do to him who is bound to us by the silken thread of boundless love.

Sidelights on Gandhi

MARIUS HANSOME

My interest in Gandhi was attracted in 1922 when he was imprisoned. From the Reverend Robert Shemeld, veteran missionary among the South African natives and a lifelong personal friend of Gandhi, I learned a number of things about Gandhi which may interest the reader.

Shemeld came to Pretoria, Transvaal, to engage in interdenominational missionary work among the whites. Gandhi was in Pretoria as directing attorney in a big Indian lawsuit. This Indian litigation arose because a Bombay merchant firm sold a chain of stores in the Transvaal to some Indian merchants residing in that state. But the constitution of the South African Republic contained a clause which declared that no *Kleurling* (colored person) shall have equal rights with white in either Church or State. The governing class of Transvaal gave notice of their intention to enforce that clause.

The Indians argued that they were not *Kleurlings* but of Aryan origin, and that they were British subjects who had been assured by Royal proclamation the enjoyment of equal rights in all British dominions or in any nation under treaty agreement with England. The court process was long and tedious. Translations of evidence from Hindu into English and Dutch retarded the procedure. Gandhi carried the main burden—and to victory.

Before going to Pretoria, Gandhi attended a court session in Natal. He seated himself within the enclosure reserved for attorneys. The bailiff ordered "all hats removed." Gandhi paid no attention. The bailiff then savagely stepped up to Gandhi, rudely pulled at Gandhi's neatly tied turban, and threw it to the floor. Gandhi put it on again. The court demanded an explanation on the ground of apparent contempt. Gandhi rose. In a quiet, respectful tone he assured the court that as a loyal subject of "Her Most Gracious Majesty, Victoria, the Empress of India," in whose presence he considered himself in that court, he would not show her such disrespect as to remove his headgear in her presence. The court sustained the point, and the Indian merchants of Natal looked proudly upon the young Hindu lawyer.

Since Gandhi was a frequent visitor at the Shemelds,

his peculiar taste and dietary predilections as a rigid vegetarian presented problems to the hostess. "He refused to eat butter, eggs, meats or anything with life in it!" Upon what grounds did he justify his vegetarian bias? I queried.

"Genesis, Chapter 1, 29th verse," was the reply.

The verse reads: "And God said, Behold, I have given you every herb bearing seed which is upon the face of the earth, and every tree in which is the fruit of tree yielding seed; to you it shall be for meat."

It was said of Gandhi that he usually carried a book or walking stick, which meant that he was either reading or walking. He read omnivorously. He would enter Shemeld's door with a book in hand or the contents of one recently digested in his mind. His memory was marvelously retentive. He was heard to argue on the American Constitution, and no one could ever trip him.

The Reverend Mr. Shemeld related a few anecdotes that give the reader a glimpse of Gandhi—the man. It will be remembered that Gandhi came to the Transvaal during the reign of the Boers. These people, like the average whites, felt an unjustifiable antipathy toward colored people. Among one of the prohibitions for colored persons was the mandate that they must not walk on the sidewalks. "Gandhi ran foul of this ordinance, and was unceremoniously kicked off the sidewalks into the streets by a big burly Boer sentry. Like the Irishman, Gandhi remonstrated, and was 'willing to argue the point.'"

"Why did you not tell me in a civilized way?", demanded Gandhi. To which came the answer: "I have instructions to kick your kind off and wait for explanations afterwards."

"Gandhi published a paper in Natal. A crazy mob proceeded to destroy the plant. Gandhi was saved from the furious madmen by a white woman, who shielded him with an umbrella."

"His working creed was the golden rule," said the Reverend Mr. Shemeld. "He was always willing to lend a hand wherever needed, and you didn't have to ask him. I well recall how he stayed through nights by the bedside of a young man dying from typhoid fever."

"Gandhi has been called a 'second Tolstoy.' Would you, Mr. Shemeld," I inquired, "consider the comparison valid?"

"The difference," proceeded Mr. Shemeld, thoughtfully, "it seems to me, is that one was a philosopher, whereas the other is a reformer. Tolstoy impresses me as being quite phlegmatic and philosophical, his psychic powers function prophetically, taking the form of divining future events. Gandhi is of a nervous temperament; every movement of the body is an index of that: the sparkle in his eyes when pleased and the flashing glint of righteous indignation toward evil in all its forms. Tolstoy was deeply meditative when either seated or walking. Gandhi has not the dreamy eyes of a mystic but the bright, open look so often disclosed in the countenance of daring men. The pictures in the press have not done justice to Gandhi."

"Would you consider Gandhi a fatalist?"

"I do not think so," allowed the Reverend, weighing his thoughts, "yet he recognized the truth of the words: 'There is a Divinity which shapes our ends, rough hew them as we may.' Gandhi knew that truth is many-sided, and, as 'the love of God is broader than the measure of man's mind,' every man was his brother, and service, the duty of all. He lived for others, and this is why today there are literally millions who look upon Gandhi as a veritable saint, and thousands of prayers are being offered for him. England has had no more loyal subject; and it was only when he felt that the sacred promises made by his government had not been kept, that duty to his conscience, his people, and to principles of truth and justice demanded the non-cooperation measures in order that right should triumph."

"Do you regard Gandhi as a saint?"

"By all odds, a saint, if by that term is meant one eminent for piety and virtue. He was intensely religious, but his religion is a possession rather than a profession. He did not proselytize. He lived saintliness. The Sermon on the Mount was his creed."

"If the Indians were granted freedom of self-development, do you think that Gandhi would fill the place of political leadership?" was my final query.

"As to practical political leadership, I could not give an opinion; but as to moral leadership, I can unhesitatingly say, Gandhi stands only second to Jesus Christ."

"That is as great a compliment as one man can give to another," I agreed, and with that our casual conversation was concluded.

Gandhi gave himself in the cause of freedom. Now he has joined the great pioneers whose work contributed to the growth and development of humanity.

The Hope of the World

The American people have frequently thought of Gandhi in terms of derision, caricature, and misunderstanding. They will think of him in that way no more. When his critics are all forgotten and those who sneered are not remembered, Gandhi and what he stood for will be the hope of the world. He will live as one of the three or four finest examples of putting into practice the true fundamentals of Christ that the world has ever known.

Gandhi and the world cannot both be right. Either the spirit of Love and Truth and Beauty without bloodshed, without Hate is right, and our way is wrong, or our way of blood and power and death and tears is right and Gandhi is wrong. I wait for the centuries to answer.

PRESTON BRADLEY.

Gandhi Turns Every Problem Within

It is worth observing that all of Gandhi's fasts and prolonged hunger strikes were not directed against his opponents; they were not entered upon to force concessions from the British. Rather, they were—as in the last one shortly before his death—to awaken his own people, the Indians or the Hindus, as the case might be, to their moral shortcomings, and to inspire them to new heights of excellence. Gandhi turns every problem within. Every issue is reduced to the simple, recognizable appearance of good or evil within a man. Gandhi appealed always to the moral nature of man. To him, the struggle was truly within man: against the evil aspects of his being and for the beautiful and the good.

ARON S. GILMARTIN.

Gandhi Lives

KARL M. CHWOROWSKY

The whole civilized world is mourning the tragic sudden martyr-death of one of the greatest saints of the ages, Mohandas K. Gandhi. On Friday, January 30, the bullets of an assassin ended the earthly career of this Hindu leader and world figure as he was preparing to offer prayer in accordance with his daily custom. The Mahatma had spent almost his whole life in the struggle for justice, for righteousness, and for peace of all men irrespective of race, color, class, or creed. Of his almost eighty years, Gandhi spent the greater part fighting for the liberation of his own people as well as for the freedom of other minority groups. If his life was devoted to *Swaraj,* i.e., Home Rule, for the people of India, it was also devoted to the cause of liberty and equality for all his fellow men. And in this good fight he shunned the weapons of violence and military force, and committed himself and his comrades to the weapons of the spirit.

In India Gandhi was known as the "Mahatma," i.e., "the Great Soul," a great soul that lived strenuously and heroically among us and now has joined the immortals. Not only did he boldly and proudly profess the teachings of Hinduism and call himself a Hindu, he also punctiliously and faithfully performed those daily rites that are enjoined by the Hindu faith. But far beyond the outer observance of rite and ceremonial, his life was a dynamic and convincing testimony to those principles of the good life and an incarnation of those truths of universal brotherhood, of reverence for life, of justice and peace which the noblest Hindu teachers and prophets, together with those of other faiths, have proclaimed and exemplified.

Even in death the Mahatma revealed the greatness and grandeur of his soul. Eye witnesses report that after the three bullets from the assassin's revolver had struck him, Gandhi raised his hands in a gesture of forgiveness, a gesture that said, silently but so eloquently, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Thus he remained in death as in life, faithful to the principles of *Ahimsa* and *Satyagraha,* i.e., nonviolence and Soul Force, by which he had sought to order his own life and to discipline the actions of his followers.

Gandhi's dream of an independent India was fulfilled when on August 15 of last year Great Britain turned over the government of the Indian people to the heads of the two newly formed states of India and Pakistan. History will record, and well does the world know, that this momentous event owed more to the personal devotion and efforts of the Mahatma than to any other factor and circumstance. That this triumph of his long career in active politics should have increased the affection in which Gandhiji, as they affectionally called him, was held by India's millions, both Hindu and Moslem, goes without saying and was demonstrated dramatically when his assassination threw the entire nation into a hysteria of grief and mourning.

Mohandas K. Gandhi, who excelled as statesman, as leader, and as popular teacher and exemplar, will go down in history as one of mankind's great religious prophets and saints who sought to achieve justice without resort to violence, who wanted to establish brotherhood by precept and example, and who tried to bring peace by means of Soul Force rather than by an appeal to partisan passions and to the arbitrament of military power. To say of him that he reincarnated the prophetic passion of an Isaiah, the intellectual integrity of a Socrates, the unique spirituality of a Jesus, the saintly humility of a St. Francis, and the selfless ministry of a Schweitzer will scarcely seem like an exaggeration in view of his indomitable faith, his clear perspective of purpose, his selfless devotion to his fellow man, and his austere manner of personal living.

The following tribute to Gandhi's genius as leader of men I quote from an editorial in the Jewish publication, *The Reconstructionist*:

> The lesson of Gandhi's leadership is particularly instructive for us Westerners. Such leadership would be a corrective for our one-sided realistic and rationalistic minds. . . . The personality of Gandhi points the need for a more adequate type of leadership than is usual among our Western politicians and statesmen. To talk in high-sounding phrases of patriotism and human brotherhood does not suffice to strike the imagination of the masses. The genuine leader must live up to all the principles to which he solemnly subscribes. It is not even enough that he resign from office rather than compromise his principles. He must be prepared to do more, to sacrifice everything, even his health and life. That is what Gandhi did, not once but in every crisis, again and again.

And because Gandhi was such a man, we can say today, after his body has been cremated and his ashes have been strewn over the sacred waters of India's rivers, that "Gandhi Lives!" His soul goes marching on. His frail body, weakened by years of self-abnegation, fasting, and service has surrendered that rare spirit which, liberated from earthly shackles, now seeks new incarnations through which to inspire and lead mankind. Gandhi lives as truly as does his immortal countryman, Gautama Buddha, as do those other giants of the spirit that have left this earth to become even more powerful spiritually and morally in the lives of men. Our generation will do well to heed the message of the now silent lips of the Mahatma and to remember the eloquent gospel which this master-soul preached by word of mouth as well as by daily deed, a gospel in which our confused and self-centered world may well find comfort, release, and salvation. For there is much that we may learn from this martyr-saint. He teaches us among other things that there can be no liberty without discipline, no freedom without law; that nationhood and independence must be built upon the firm foundations of justice and equality; that hatred and violence beget hatred and violence, and inevitably lead to social anarchy and suicide; that human dignity is the most precious possession of every individual and the proudest accolade of any society; that freedom is the most powerful instrument in the pursuit of progress and happiness, order and peace; and, finally, that faith in God, expressed in simple living, in daily ministration to our fellow man, in good will, patience, forbearance, and forgiveness, is a sure guaranty of personal fulfillment and social security.

We need not pray that the spirit of Gandhi abide with us; it will by virtue of its own immortality and spiritual potency. Our prayers should rather seek within our own hearts for courage and high commitment to accept the teachings of this saint and to follow him along the road that leads through self-dedication and service to brotherhood and peace.